THE LIFE and DEATH OF *The Famous Champion of* ENGLAND, St. George.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck-Lane*.

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THE

LIFE and DEATH of the *Famous Champion of* England, St. GEORGE.

IN the Famous City of Coventry, Scituated near unto the heart of the Kingdom of England, Lord Albert had a Stately and sumptuous Palace, accomodated with all those other varieties and delights which might satisfie the generous disposition of so noble a Person. He was Lineally descended from a Noble Family, and a Man of an undaunted and unconquered Spirit, insomuch that whosoever beheld him could

not chuſe but conclude him to be what he ſeemed, a Noble Peer of Englands Realm. He was alſo highly honoured of the King, who beſtowed on him his only Daughter for his Wife: theſe two were the worthy Parents of this moſt Noble, Famous, and Victorious Champion St. George.

He was born a Champion, for no ſooner had Nature brought him into the World, but he prov'd an unfortunate Champion, his Birth cauſing her Death who gave him Life; which ſad and heavy chance was agreeable to a former Dream which his Lady Mother apprehended, who dreamed often for many nights together before the time of her Delivery, that ſhe brought forth a Dragon into the World, that would be the death of her that bare him: which conſtant Dream cauſed ſome diſtraction in the diſtreſſed Lady, inſomuch that ſhe could not be quiet until ſhe had revealed and publiſhed it unto her Lord, and withal, requeſted him to conſult with the Sages and Wiſe-men then living, what her dream might portend: her loving Lord unwilling to deny any requeſt that ſhe ſhould make, did poſt

in

in haſte unto the Oracle, and requeſted an Interpretation of the Dream, and to be informed what would happen upon the birth of this Child. The Oracle willingly entertained his Petition, and returned an Anſwer in this manner.

A Brave young Son to thee is born,
Victorious ſhall he be, and ſcorn
His prouder Foes; the world that ſees,
Muſt needs applaud his Victories:
A Dragon that ſhall ſplit in twain
His Mothers Womb with extream pain;
For ſhe ſhall dye, but he ſhall live,
And many Victories atchieve:
Return you may from whence you came,
For I have publiſhed the ſame.

Lord Albert having heard this report from the Oracle, departed very heavy, and full of grief; for the hearing of his Beloved Ladies death, was as full of grief unto him, as the news of his Son could be of joy: but no ſooner had he ſet footing again within his own Palace, but found the Oracles report to be true, for though he had a Son, yet he loſt his Wife. Upon the breaſt of his Son, Nature had Pictured the lively Image of a Dragon, and in his

right hand a bloody Crosse, and on his left Leg a Golden Garter; whom Lord Albert his Father, named George.

No cost was spared for his Education, neither was Nature defective in bestowing on him strength and courage; insomuch that he was the only Champion of those times, and never failed of carrying away the Prize at Tilts and Turnaments, he quel'd Savage-men, subdued Monsters, overcame Gyants, slaughtered Beasts, accomplished many unheard of, and almost uncredible Acts, who when he had lived many days, and got many Victories, was at last Conquered by Death, whose death was much deplored both by Kings and People.

The last Valiant Act of his, which Crown'd both himself and his other most noble Enterprizes with deserved Honour, was, his killing that horrid Ægyptian Dragon, who greedy of humane Blood, could not be satisfied until he had devoured all the Virgins in Ægypt.

Thus did the Dragons fury daily make one or other Childless, so that there was but one Virgin left, onely Sabrine the Princess, and only daughter to the King, who

who hearing that the Monsters fury would not be appeased so long as she was living, willing to free her Country, and that it might be safe, voluntarily and willingly, casts her self as a Prey to that unmerciful Monster. But St. George being at the same time in Ægypt, and hearing the sad Speeches, and observing the mournful carriage of the Ægyptians, because it was Sabrines time to be delivered, resolves to go hazard himself, and either be the Dragons destruction, to free the Lady and her Country, or to lose his life.

The horrid aspect of the Monster struck St. George with terrour and amazement, but being of an undaunted Spirit, he ventures the encounter, and directs his tryed and well-approved Launce against his well-proved sides, but all to little or no purpose; for that being not to be pierced, St. George was almost quite out of hope to wound his carry sides, till at last it so fortuned that St. George struck the Dragon on the Back, and whilst the Monster was opening his jaws to cast out a venomous flood of deadly poyson upon the Knight, S. George leting no opportunity slip, strikes his Jave-

Javeling down his Throat, who was not to be pierced in any other part. By which brave Act the Lady was saved, the Country freed, the Monster slain, and St. George deservedly honoured of all, as you may see more at large in this ancient proper and approved Ditty.

THE

THE

Worthy Deeds of St. *George* of *England*; and how he Marryed the Kings Daughter of *Ægypt*, whom he deliverd from Death.

The Tune is, *Queen Dido.*

OF Hectors deeds did Homer ſing,
and of the Sack of ſtately Troy,
What grief fair Hellen did them bring,
which was Sir Paris only joy:
And with my Pen I will recite,
St. Georges deeds an Engliſh Knight.
Againſt the Sarazens full rude,
fought he full long and many a day,
Where many Gyants he ſubdu'd,
in honour of the Chriſtian way:
And after many adventures paſt,
To Ægypt Land he came at laſt.
And as the Story plain doth tell,
within the Country there did reſt
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
by whom they were moſt ſore oppreſt:
Who by his poyſoned breath each day,
Did many of the City ſlay.

The

The grief whereof did grow so great,
throughout the limits of the Land,
That they their Wise men did intreat,
to shew their cunning out of hand,
What way they might this Dragon 'stroy,
That did the Country thus annoy.

The Wise men all before the King,
framed this matter incontinent,
The Dragon none to death might bring,
by any means they might invent:
His skin more hard then brass was found,
That sword or spear could pierce or wound

When this the people understood,
they cryed out most piteously,
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
that they each day in heaps did dye:
Amongst them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there was that they did find,
for to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby they might his fury swage:
Each day he would a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by Art the Wise men found,
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,

a Virgin pure of good degree,
Was by the Kings Commission still,
Took up to serve the Dragons will.

Thus did the Dragon every day,
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
and none were left that present hour,
Saving the Kings fair Daughter bright,
Her Fathers only hearts delight.

Then came the Officers to the King,
this heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,
she is (quoth he) my Kingdoms Heir:
O let us all be poysoned here,
E're she should dye that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
and to the King in rage they went,
Who said his daughter dear should dye,
the Dragons fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead (quoth they)
And have been made the Dragons prey.

And by their blood we have been blest,
and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby,
And now in justice it doth rest,
for us thy Daughter so should dye:
O save my Daughter (said the King)
And let me feel the Dragons sting.

Then

Then fell fair Sabrine on her knees,
and to her Father then did say,
O Father strive not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey:
It may be for my sake alone,
This Plague upon the Land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,
then all your Subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
for my offence, to work his spight:
And after he hath suckt my Gore,
Your Land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
for to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
which makes the Gods our state to grud
Then ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad men all before the King,
thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety onely doth abide,
to make thy Daughter Dragons food
Lo here I am, I come, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay, stay dear daughter, quoth the Que
and as you are a Virgin bright,
That hath for vertue famous been,

So let me cloath thee all in white,
And Crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An Ornament for Virgins meet.

And when she was Attired so,
according to her Mothers mind,
Unto the Stake then did she go,
to which they did the Virgin bind:
Who being bound to stake and thrall,
She bad farewel unto them all.

Farewel dear Father (then quoth she)
and my sweet Mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
for you may have another Child:
Here for my Countries good i'le dye,
Which I receive most willingly.

The King and Queen with all their train
with weeping eyes went on their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey:
But as she there did weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a Lady bright,
fast tyed to the Stake that day,
Most like unto a valiant Knight,
straight unto her did take his way:
Tell me sweet Maiden, then quoth he,
What person thus abuseth thee?

And loe by Christ his Crols I vow,
which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his Brow,
and break my Launce upon his Crest:
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issued out of the Wood.

The Lady that did first espy
the dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
and willed him away to go;
Here comes that curled Fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,
And like a Knight of courage stout,

against him he did fiercely ride,
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his Horses feet.

For with his Launce that was so strong,
as he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust it along;
the which could pierce no other place;
And here within the Ladies view,
This mighty Dragon straight he slew.

The ſavor of his poyſoned breath,
could do this Chriſtian Knight no harm
Thus did he ſave the Lady from death,
and home he led her by the arm:
Which when Ptolomy did ſee,
There was much mirth and melody.

When as the famous Knight St. George
had ſlain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court, (till
whose ſight with joy their hearts the
He in the Ægyptian Court then ſtaid,
Till he moſt falſely was betray'd.

The Lady Sabrine lov'd him well,
he counted her his only joy,
But when their love was open known,
it turn'd to Georges great annoy:
The Morocco King was in the Court,
Who to the Orchard did reſort.

Dayly to take the pleaſant Ayr,
for pleaſure ſake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall, where oft he heard,
St. George with Lady Sabrine talk:
Their love he revealed to the King,
Who to St. George great woe did bring.

Thoſe Kings together did devile,
to make the Chriſtian Knight away,
With Letters him Ambaſſador,

they sent him straight to Persia,
And wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
with evil, and most subtilly,
By much vile means to work his death,
to work his death most cruelly:
While he in Persia abode,
He quite destroy'd each Idol God.

Which being done, he straight was cast
into a Dungeon dark and deep,
Where when he thought upon his wrongs,
he bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a Knight of courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out.

And in the night three Horse-keepers
this valiant Knight by power slew,
Although he fasted many a day,
and then away from thence he flew,
On the best Steed that Sophy had,
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Then into Christendom he came,
and met a Gyant by the way,
With whom in Combat he did fight,
most valiantly a Summers day:
Who yet for all his Bats of Steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

From grisly doom this valiant Knight,
with bands of warlike Souldiers past,
Vowing upon those Heathen Lands,
to work revenge; which at the last,
E're thrice three years were gone and spent
He did unto his great content.

Save only Ægypt Land he spar'd,
for Sabrine bright her only sake,
And e're his rage he did suppress,
he meant a tryal kind to make:
Ptolomy did know his strength in field,
And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he the Morocco King did kill,
and took fair Sabrine to his Wife,
And afterwards contentedly,
with her S. George did lead her life;
Who by the vertue of a Chain,
Did yet a Virgin pure remain.

Toward England then St. George did bring
this gallant Lady Sabrine bright (by
An Eunuch also came with them,
in whom the Lady took delight:
None but these three from Ægypt came,
Now let me print St. Georges fame.

When they were in the Forrest great,
the Lady did desire to rest,
And then St. George to kill a Deer,

to feed thereon did think it best:
Left Sabrine and the Eunuch there,
Whilst he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean time in his absence came
two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And doze the Eunuch presently
in pieces small the truth to tell:
Down by the Lady then they laid,
Whereby it seem'd she was a Maid.

But when St. George from hunting came
and did behold this heavy chance,
Yet for his lovely Virgins sake,
his courage then he did advance,
And came into the Lyons sight,
Who run at him with all their might.

But being no whit dismay'd,
but like a stout and valiant Knight,
Did kill the hungry Lyons both,
within the Lady Sabrines sight:
But all this while sad and demure,
She stood most like a Virgin pure.

Then when St. George did surely know
this Lady was a Virgin true,
His doleful thoughts that e're was dump,
began most firmly to renew:
He set her on a Palfrey Steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where

Where he arrived in short space,
unto his Fathers dwelling place,
Wherein with his dear love he liv'd,
when Fortune did his Nuptial grace:
They many years of joy did see,
And led their Lives at Coventry.

FINIS.

Of Guy Earl of Warwick from
the vol. of Joh. Lelands
Itinerarii, mss. in bib. Bod.

— there is a right goodly chap-
pel of S. mary magd. upon
Avon river ripa dextra some
a mile above Warwick —
this place of some is called Gib-
cliffe, of some Guy cliffe, & old
fame remaineth with the people
there, yt Guido Earl of Warwick
in K. Ethelstans (or Athelstans)
dayes had a great devotion
to this place & made an ora-
torie there. some add unto it,
yt after he had done great pe-
nance in outward parts, & had
been so long absent, yt he was
thought to have been dead,
he came & lived in this place,
like an hermit unknown to
his wife Felice, until at the
article of his death, he shewed
wt he was —

mile

men shew a cave there in a rock hard on Avon ripe, where they say he used to sleep — men also yet shew four springs in a four meadows thereby, where they say Earl Guido was wont to drink — this place had before the time of Richard Earl of Warwick only a small chappell, & a cottage wherein an hermite dwelt. Earle Richard bearing a great devotion to this place, made there a goodly new chappell dedicated to S. Mary Magd. & founded two chantry priests there to serve God. — He set up there an image of Earle Guido gigant-like & enclosed the silver wells in yt meadow with pure white slick stone, like marble; & there hath set up a pretty house, open

like a cage, covered only to keep
commers from the rainie —
He also made there a praty house
of stone for the chantry priests
by the chappell — the lands of
he gave unto it lye about
the house — It is a house of
pleasure, a place meet for ye
muses — there is sylent a pra-
ty wood antra in vivo saxo,
the river rowling over the
stones with a praty noise —
nemusculum ibidem opacum,
fontes liquidi et gemmei —
prata florida, antra musco-
sa, rivi leves, et p saxa dis-
cursus, nec non solitudo et
quies musis amicissima —